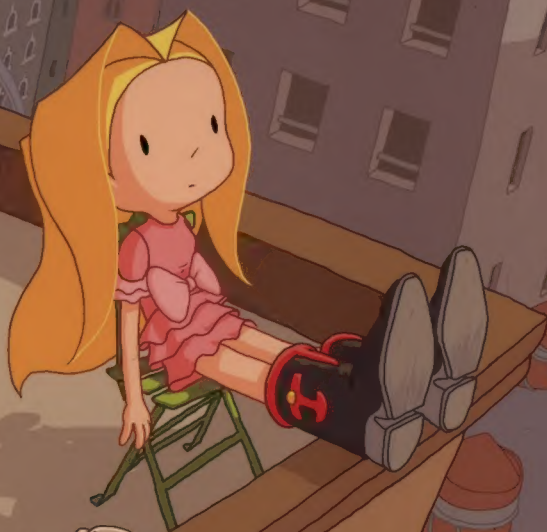


JULIEN NEEL

Low!

3

DOWN IN THE DUMP



GRAPHIC NOVEL

LOU'S Game

If my life were a game of Snakes and Ladders, it would look something like this:

START

You're 12 years old and you're starting out in life with your head full of dreams. ✓ Yoooo!



Yep! that's me

1 Tristan

What luck, the boy you've been (secretly) in love with since nursery school lives in the block of flats opposite. Have another go.



Tristan is very much in love (with his Game Boy) Right? and anyway, Tristan lives in a different city now...



Well, a sort of cat

2 Gat

comes in through the window. It makes you go eyes at your navel. You decide to adopt it.



Think up a dog, dole, navel for it before your next go.

Some cat names: Puff Puff Daddy, Sniffer, Moon, Gadder, Presso, Hyacinth, Bamber, Purr, John Bonnie, Solid Snake, Light Light, Steven, N. MXYZPTX, Sizzler, Hebe, Texaco, Number 5...

12

It's the departure for DUNASHILL Grandma's village in the middle of nowhere. Quieten! Have another go. You'll miss your train!



13

Watch out BRUSSELS SPROUTS! Compulsory! Yes, it's over, but you must go back to Square 1.



14

A LETTER from Tristan! But it's a really rubbish letter and you're deeply disappointed. "Keep it cool babe!" "So romantic, not!" Miss you, Squid!



11

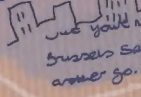
Mum

Nothing! Mum has since been over 2540 Blavet 2144. Stay on this square and miss one go.



20

BACK TO THE CITY Strangely this year you're a bit sad to leave Dunsquill... Just you wish to dump Brussels sprouts. There another go.



21

LOVESICKS! on the station platform, your nose kisses Richard passionately! Show "Yeees!" until your next go.



22

NOTHING AT ALL! Your nose and this year you're a bit sad to leave Dunsquill... Just you wish to dump Brussels sprouts. There another go.



15

Paul

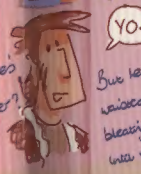
He's a weird boy who you met in a class. He's a weird boy who you met in a class. He's a weird boy who you met in a class.



4

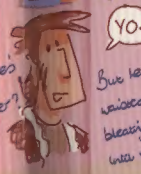
Neighbour

He has weird teeth. He's a weird boy who you met in a class. He's a weird boy who you met in a class.



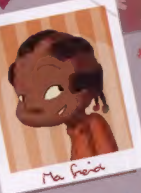
Richard

Yo. But he wears a disgusting necklace. He's a weird boy who you met in a class. He's a weird boy who you met in a class.



Mina

She's really got your back. She's a weird boy who you met in a class. He's a weird boy who you met in a class.



For Ages I've been BEST FRIENDS WITH:



- Grandma Likes
- Mining Brussels Sprouts
- While she's in the
- Romance, Time and Beauty
- creating a Screenshot
- Grandma Dislikes
- Her neighbour
- Electronic equipment
- music
- Having a hair
- Neighbour
- Long Sprockets
- Yoga
- large people
- Her neighbour
- Sprockets and we're
- from Brussels
- Single corners
- Beats happen in
- Romance, Time and Beauty
- The big city
- Shopkeepers
- old people
- intimations
- Bread
- Her neighbour
- Tones
- Redheads
- Things happening
- Panels
- Residents
- Her neighbour
- People who never
- at the time

10 ABANDONE!

Richard has gone off to work in a kids Summer camp and Tristan has moved without ever leaving a note. Sing the blues until your next go.



9 DISASTER

Tristan and your mother were a real let-down. Have a good night and miss your go.



Horatio

Horatio Higginbottom goes the other way. YAH! never search writing again and finishes her over. de la de la!

FINISH

That's it, you're 13 years old. (For lots of good, you're also you)



EVERYTHING'S A DISASTER!

You have a row with Paul, and your mother goes out for a meal with a big fine morning. Marriage and more forward! Square



8 DANCE For JOY!

A Valentine's card from Tristan for you, and one from Richard for your mum. There's something to celebrate. Dance your souls off and have another go.

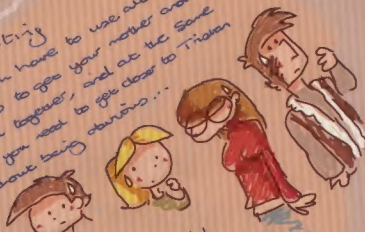


7 Grand

Grandma turns up unannounced and dines herself on you for a week. What's this mess? Clean the place from top to bottom and miss one go.



6 PLOTTING So, you have to use all sorts of tricks to get your mother and Richard together, and as the same time you need to get close to Tristan without being obvious...

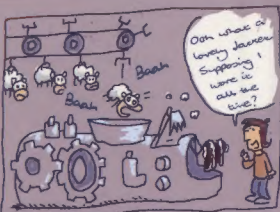


All this scheming's exhausting! Have a rest, play a video game or eat a hearty pizza at Q's while waiting for your next go.

For Ages I've been BEST FRIENDS WITH:



- Grandma Likes
- Mining Brussels Sprouts
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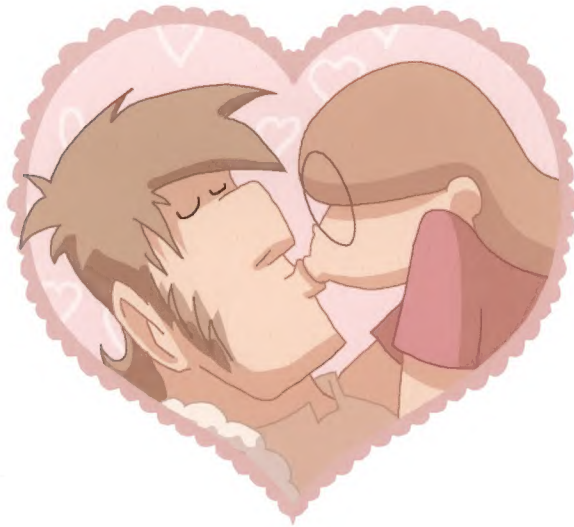
THE TACIT MACHINE

JULIEN NEEL

Love!

3

DOWN IN THE DUMP



**ENGLISH TRANSLATION
BY ROS AND CHLOE SCHWARTZ**



**USHARP
COMICS**



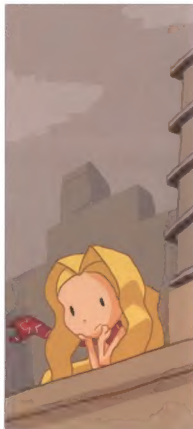
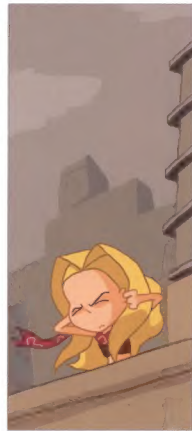
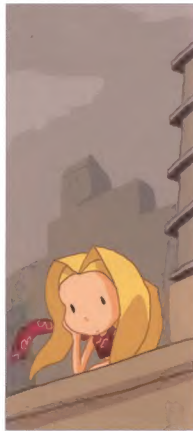
First published in 2006
under the title *Le Cimetière des Autobus*
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38008 Grenoble Cedex.

This English translation published
in 2008 by Usharp Comics,
an imprint of Highland Books Ltd
2 High Pines, Knoll Road
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England.

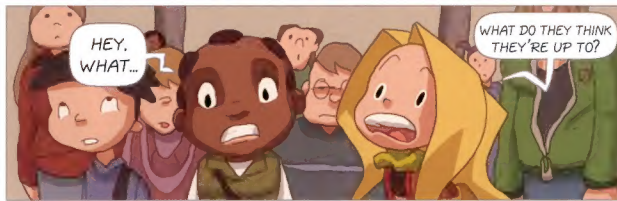
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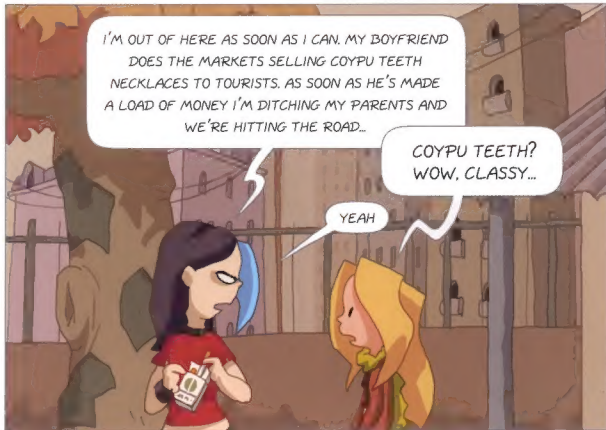
English translation: © 2008 by Ros and Chloë Schwartz

Author's website: www.neelcartoons.com
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ISBN-10: 1-905496-12-5
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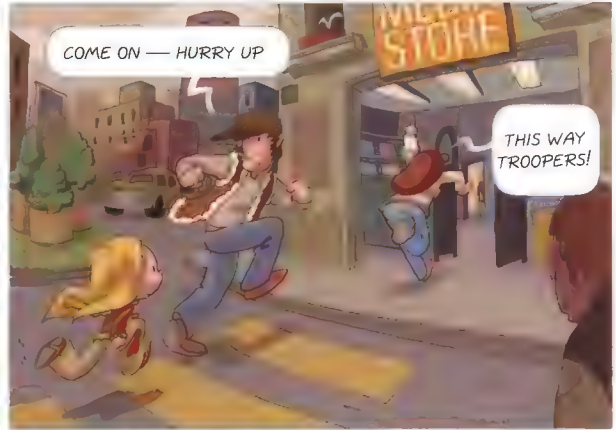
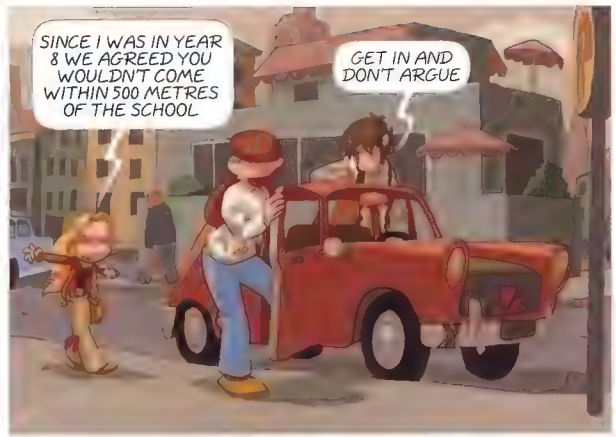


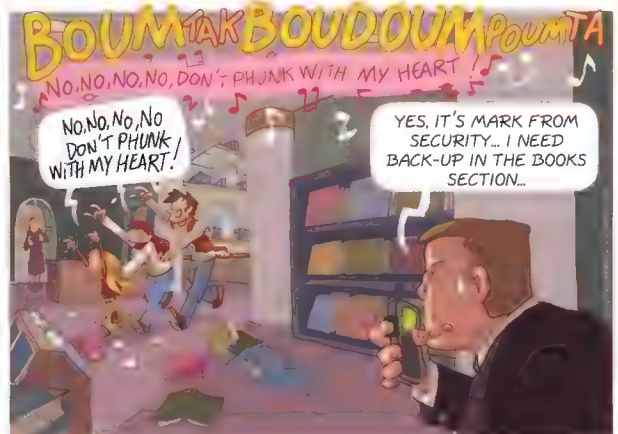
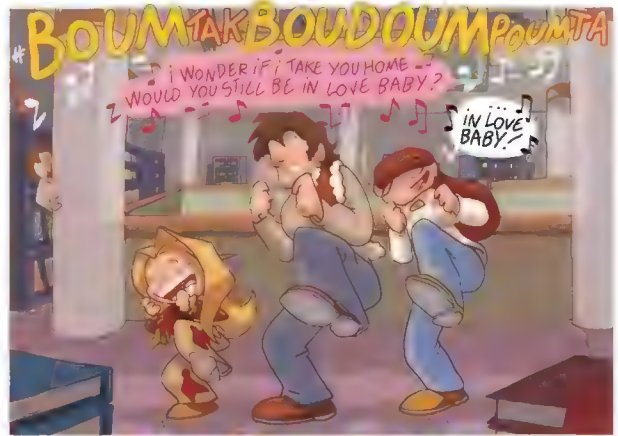
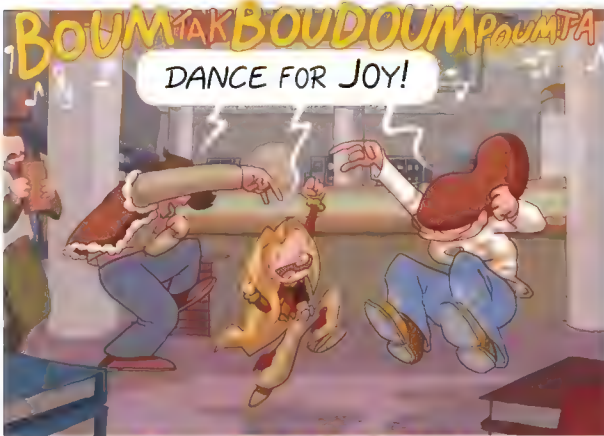




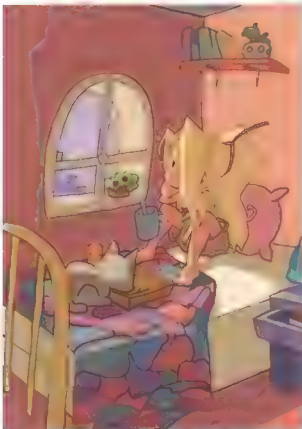
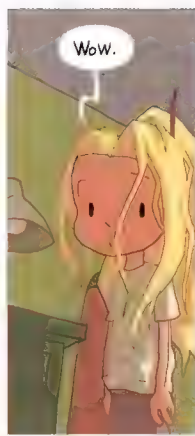


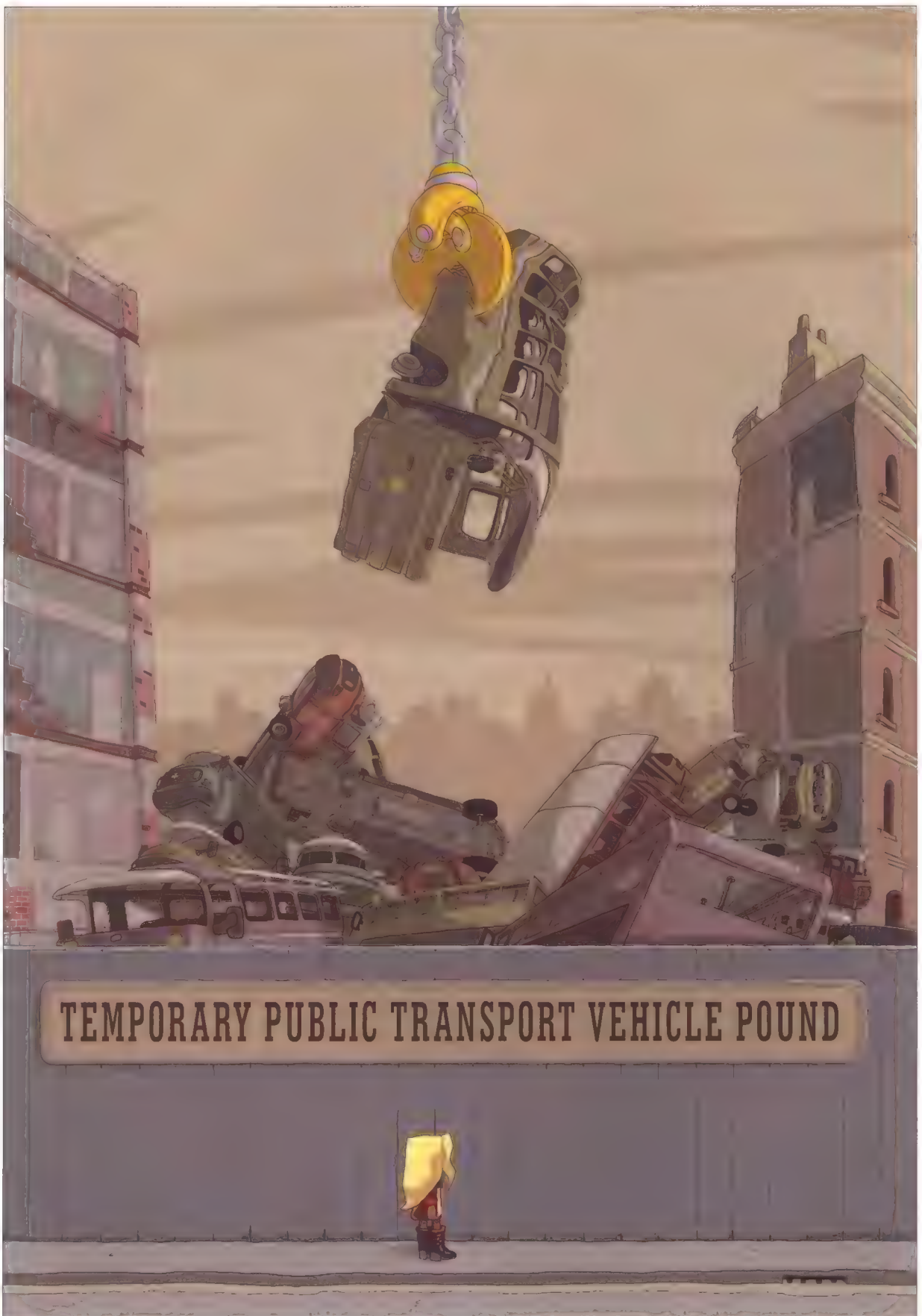




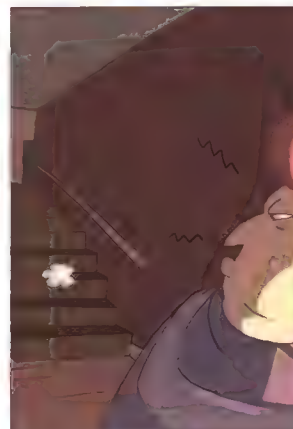
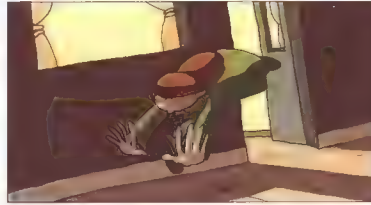
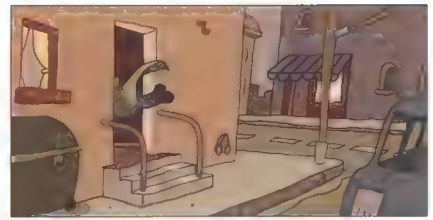














I shan't bore you with school stuff. As usual, some morons make fun of me, and as usual, I don't give a toss...



I read your mother's book by the way, and loved it. It inspired me to put loads of sci-fi stuff in my paintings and my Polynesian songs...



My South-Sea island women have astronaut helmets, there are extra-terrestrial crabs and cosmic vehicles overgrown with jungle plants...



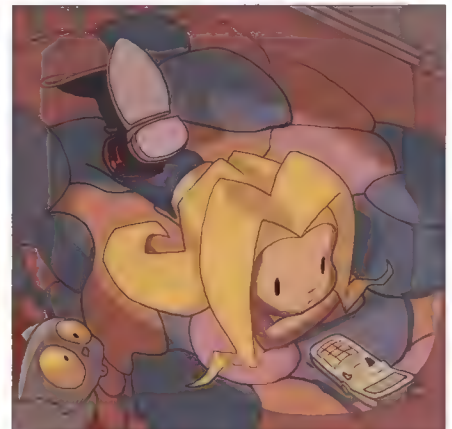
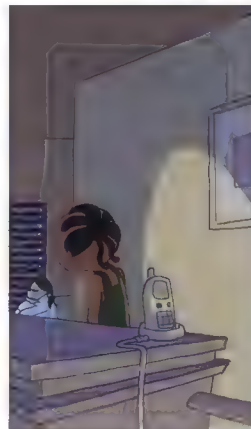
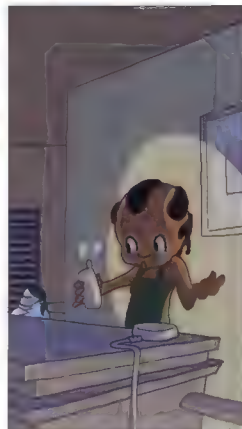
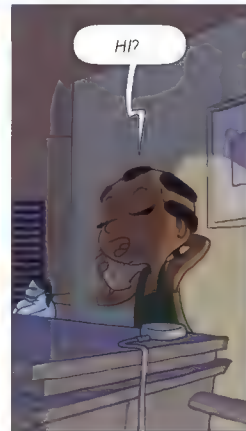
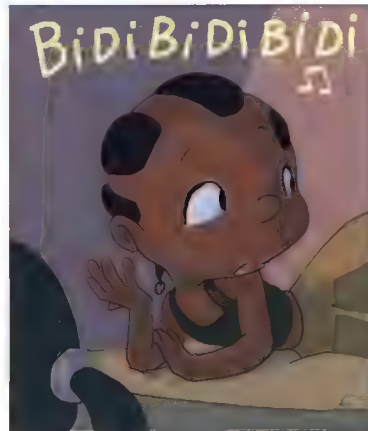
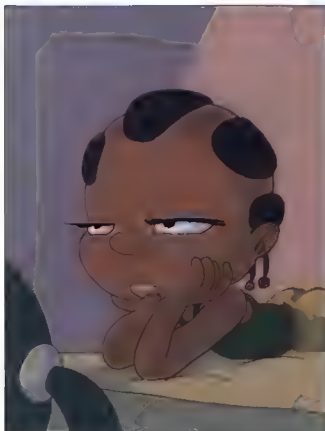
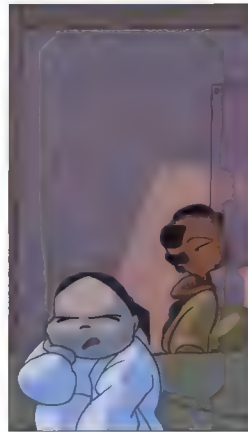
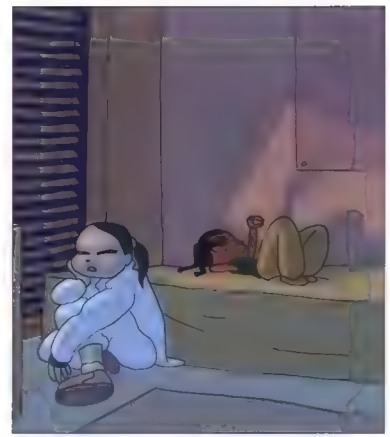
The talisman carvings are traces of visitors from ancient times: ocean and cosmos melt into each other. I wish you could see it all!



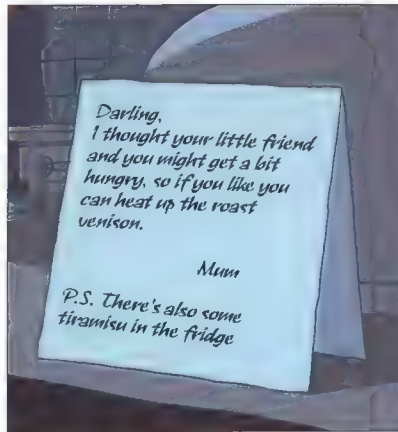
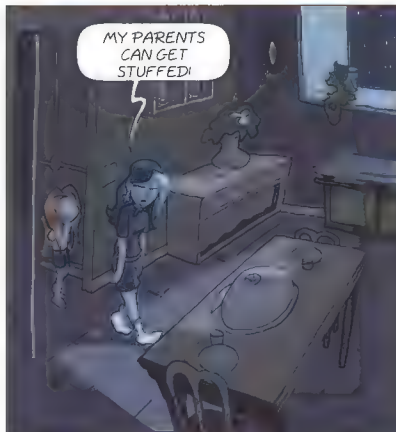
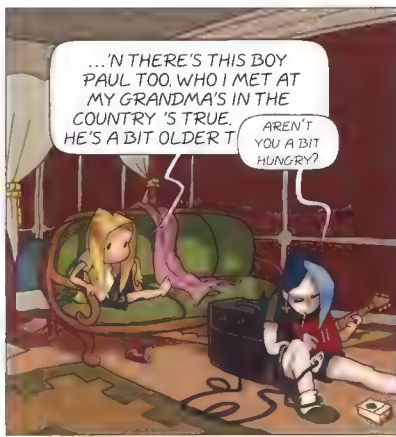
I'd like to watch the shooting sea stars with you...









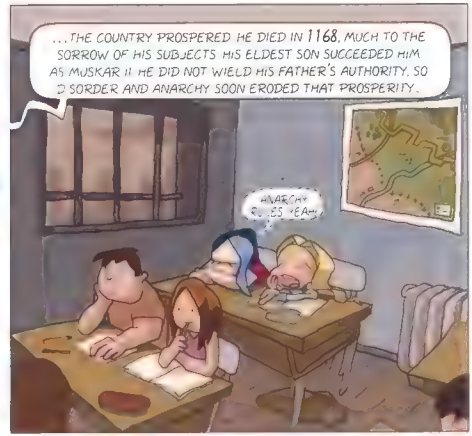




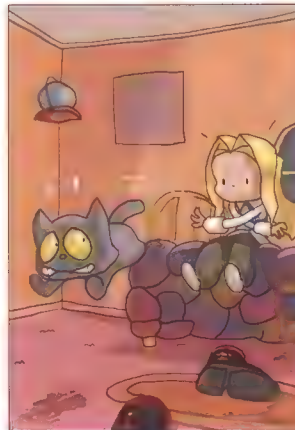
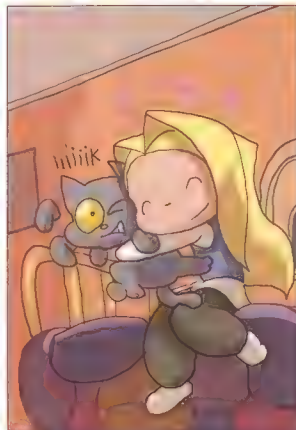
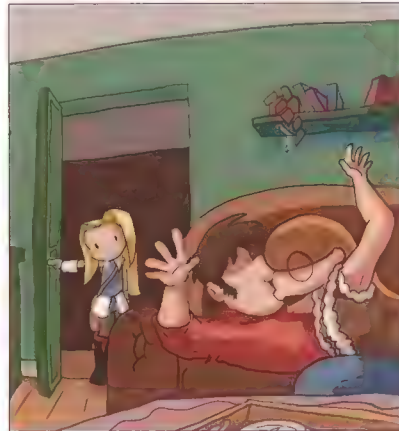
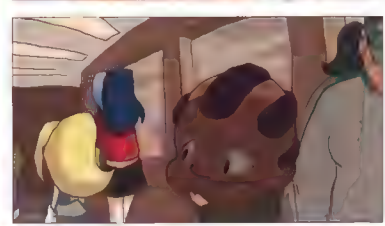
THEY CAN'T HANDLE REBELS LIKE ME CHE GUEVARA OR AVRIL LAVIGNE



MUSKAR WAS A WEE KING WHO LIVED PEACEFULLY ALONGSIDE HIS NEIGHBOURS



...AND TO BE HONEST I WANT RESPECT FOR HOW I AM, RIGHT? BUT LIKE COS I'M DIFFERENT AND NOT HOW THEY WANT ME THAT PISSES THEM OFF IN THEIR COSY LITTLE LIVES WHERE MONEY'S THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS





IT'S AS IF THE THINGS, THE PEOPLE, AROUND ME ARE GRADUALLY BECOMING HAZY...



I CAN'T FOCUS MY MIND ON ANYTHING, THE WORLD IS IMMATERIAL...



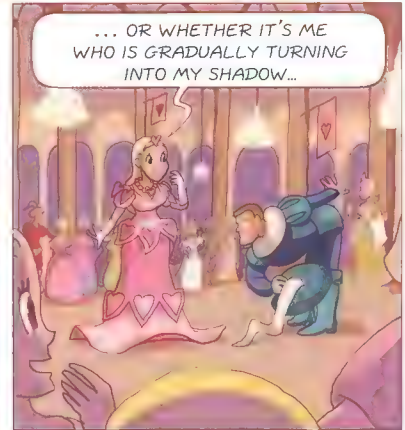
NO MORE BUMPS, NO UPS AND NO DOWNS, EVERYTHING'S FLAT...



I CAN SPEND HOURS STARING AT A CRACK IN THE CEILING, BUT I CAN'T READ A BOOK FOR MORE THAN A FEW SECONDS...



I DON'T KNOW IF OTHER PEOPLE ARE TURNING INTO GHOSTS...



... OR WHETHER IT'S ME WHO IS GRADUALLY TURNING INTO MY SHADOW...



SO INSUBSTANTIAL THAT I FEEL AS THOUGH I'M FLOATING...



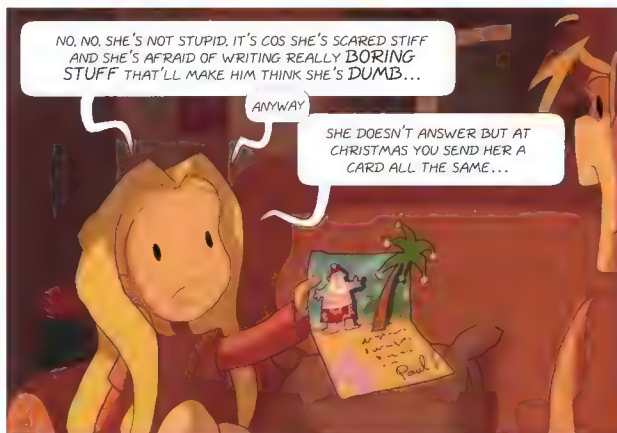
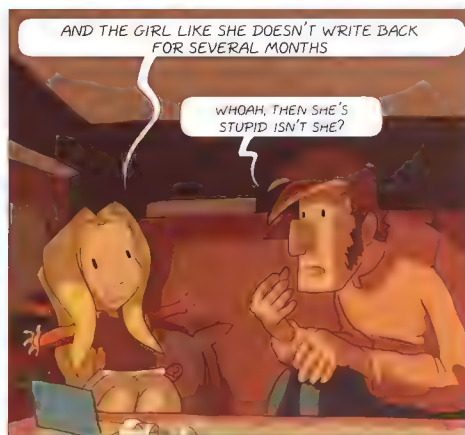
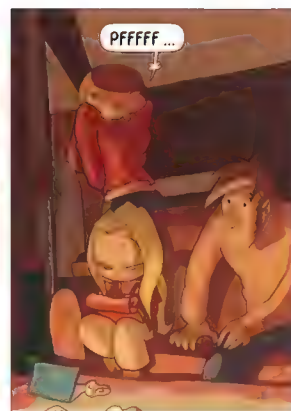
LIGHT ..

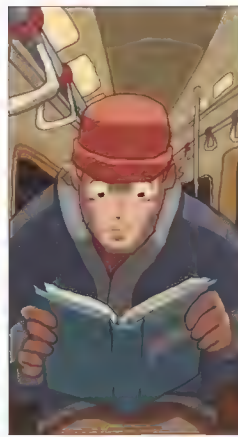
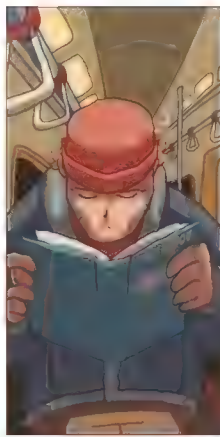
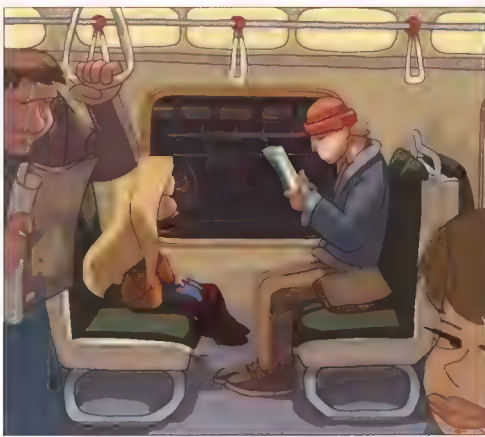


SO LIGHT...

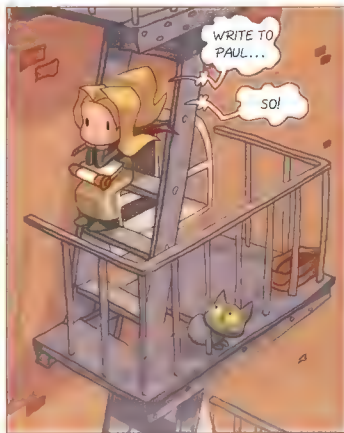
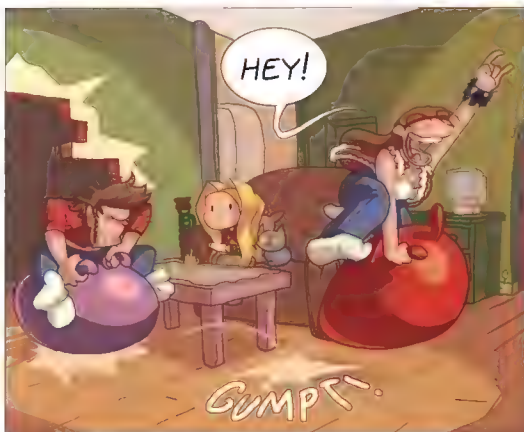
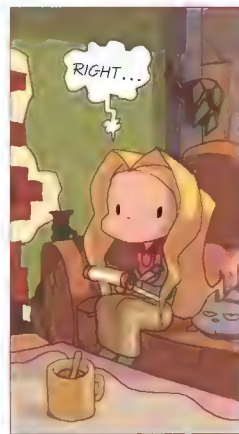
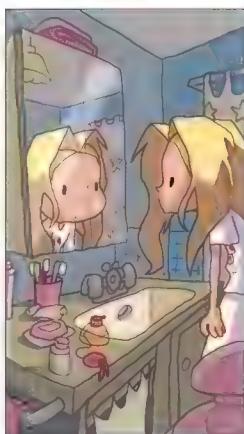
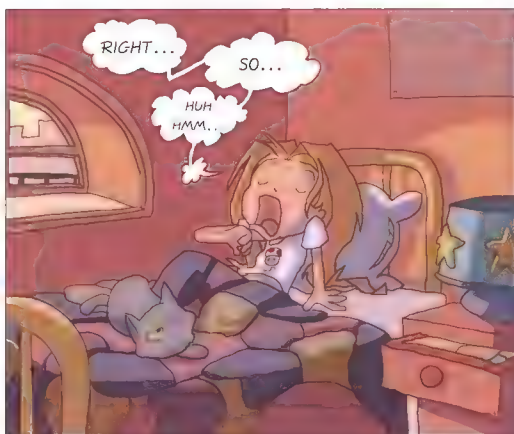


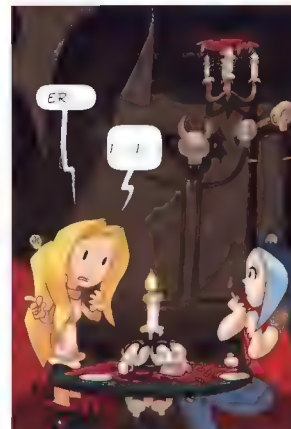
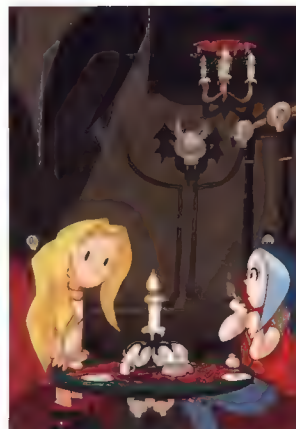
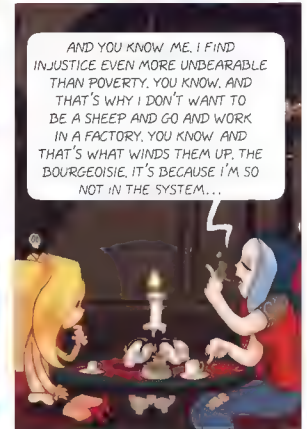
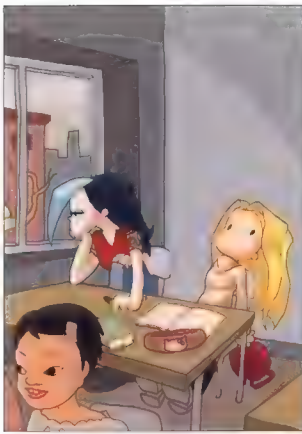


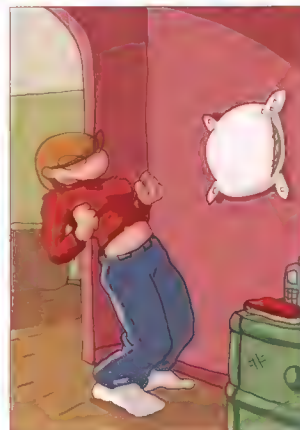
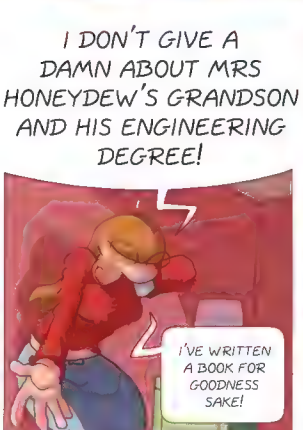




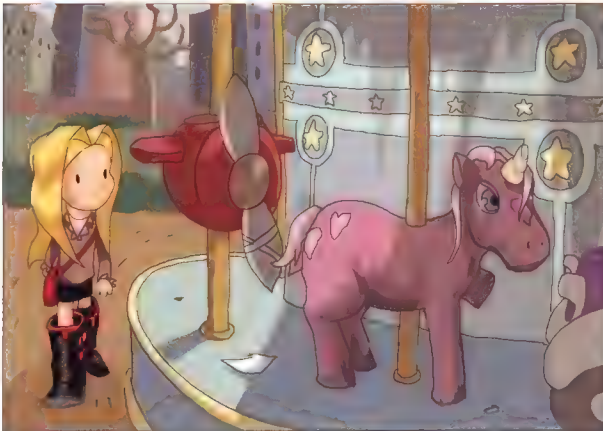


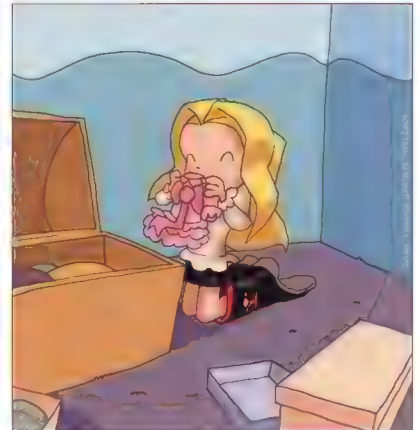
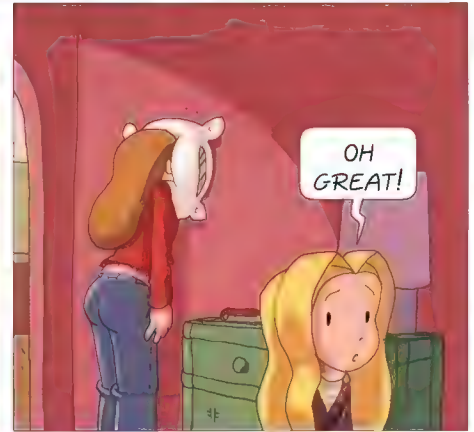
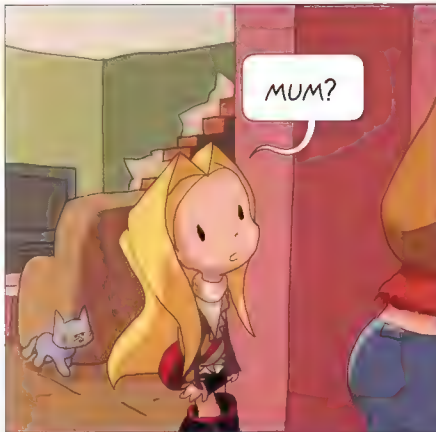
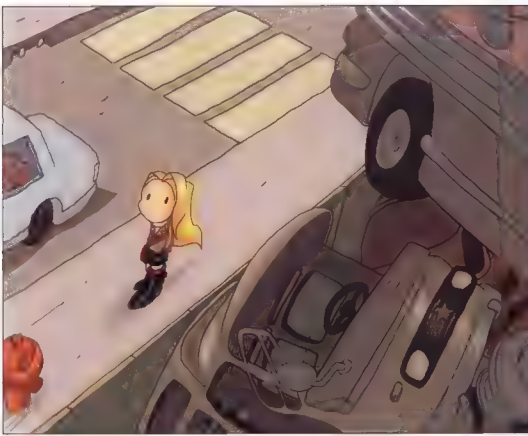


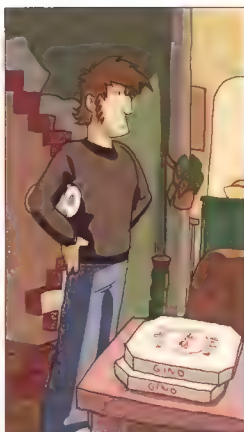
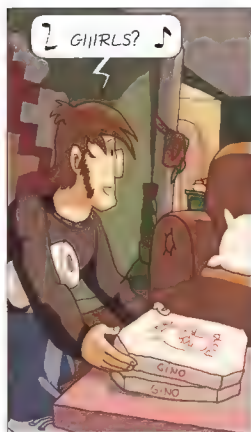


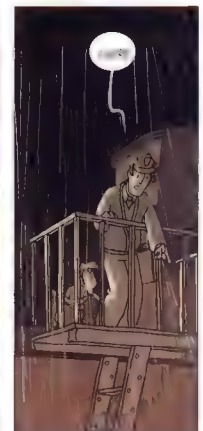
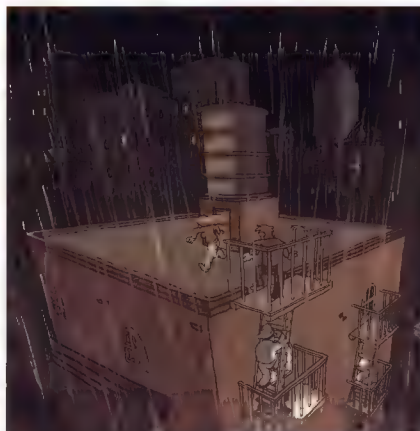
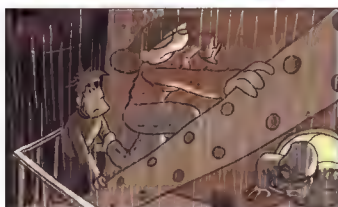
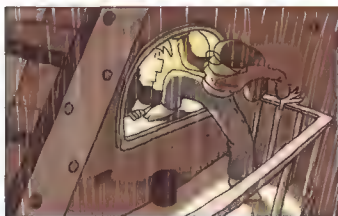
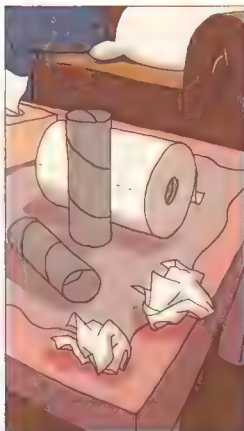
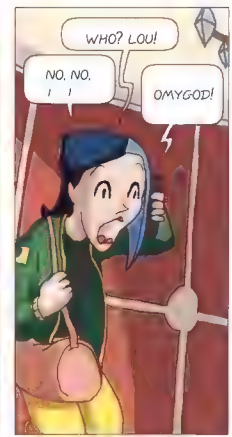
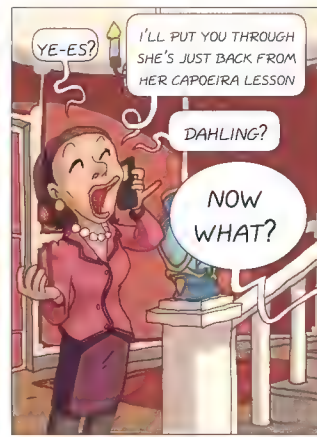




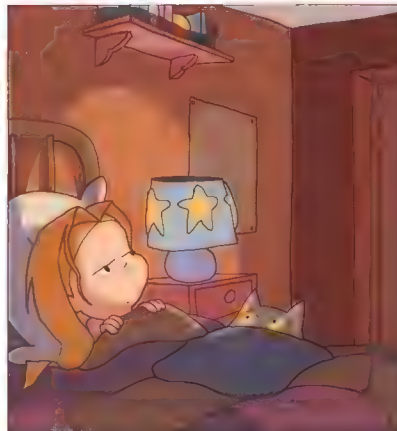




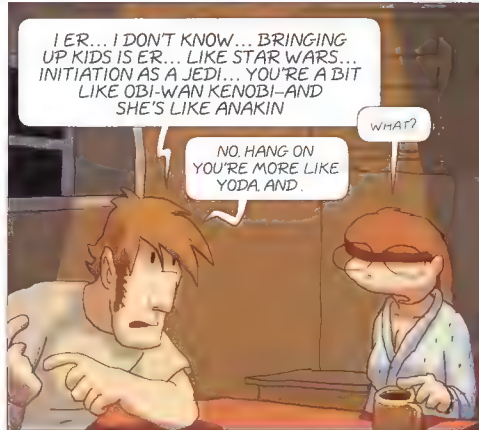
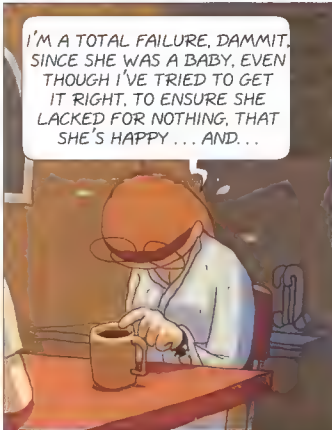
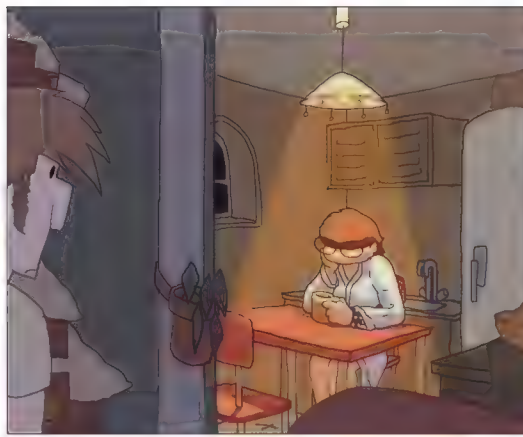


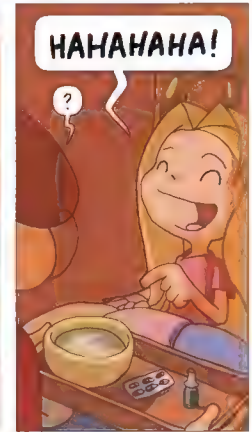
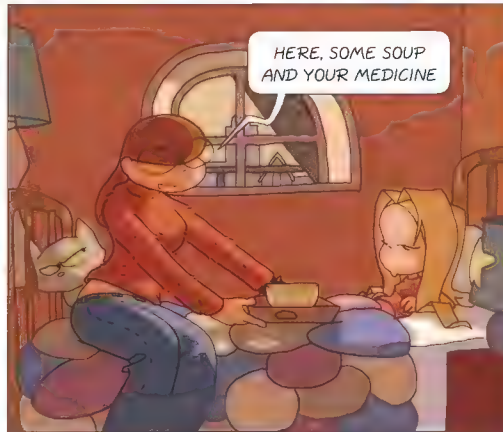
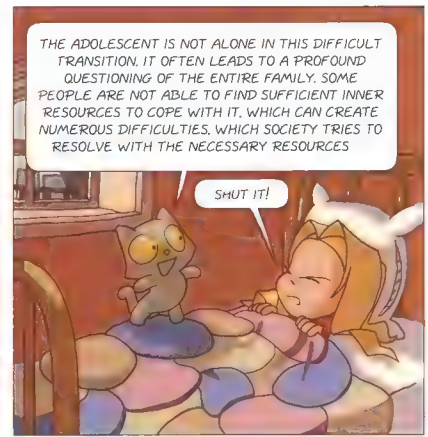
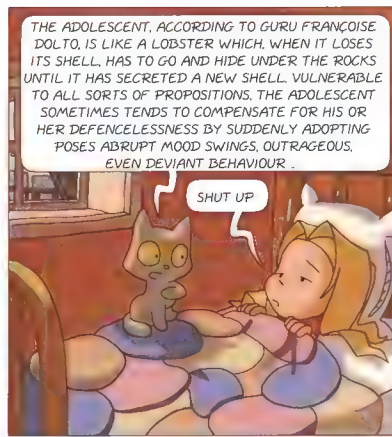
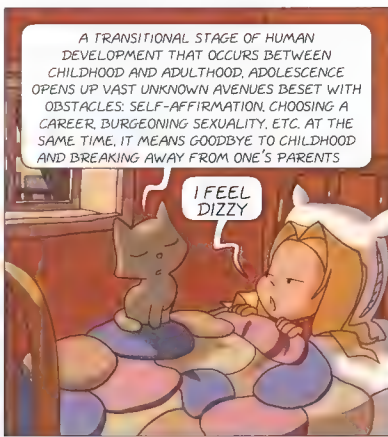


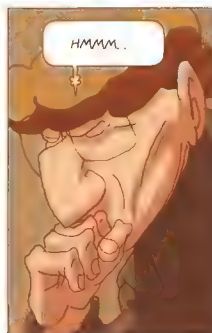
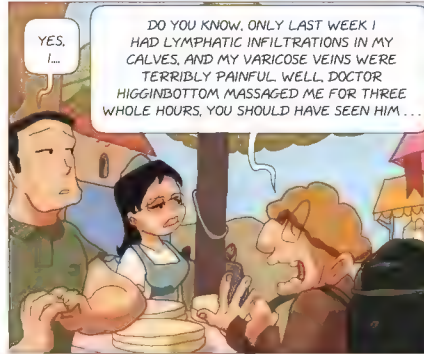
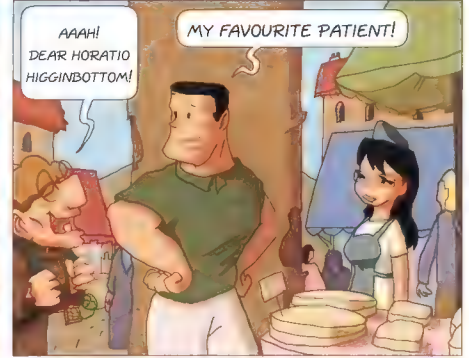
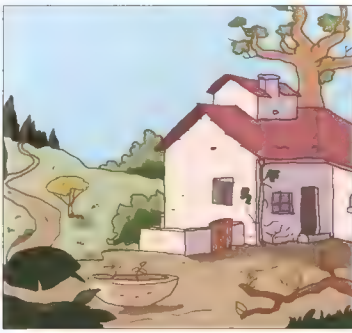


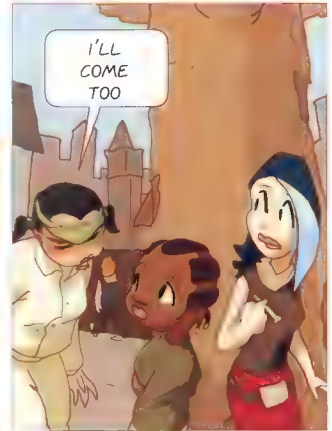
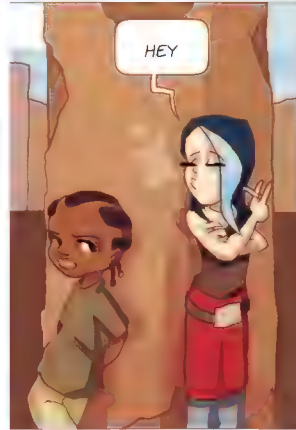
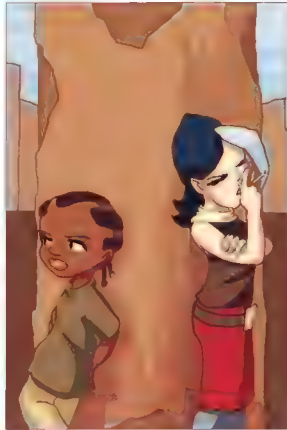


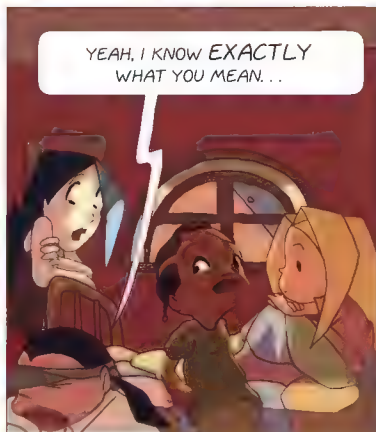
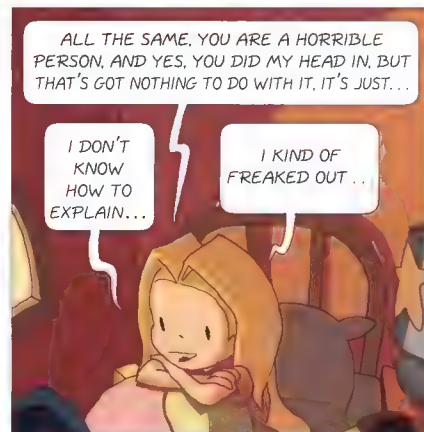
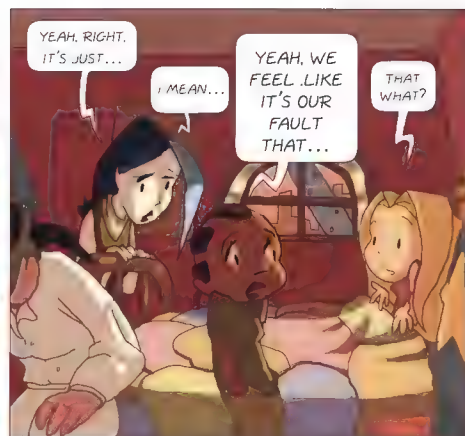


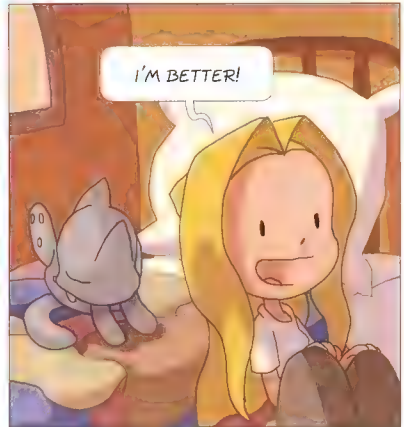
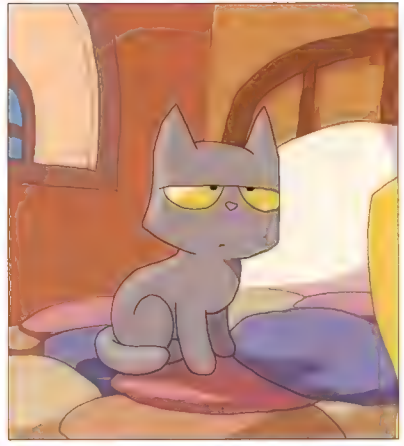


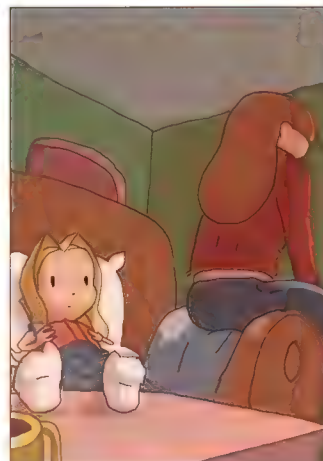
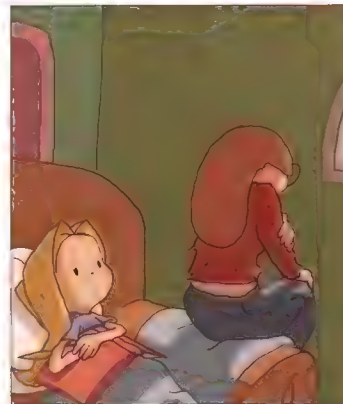
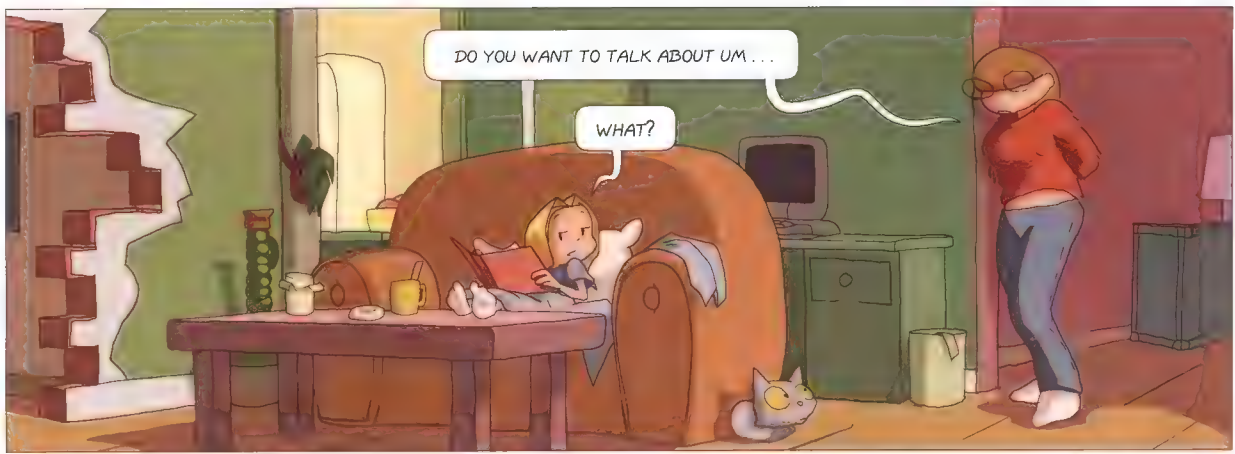


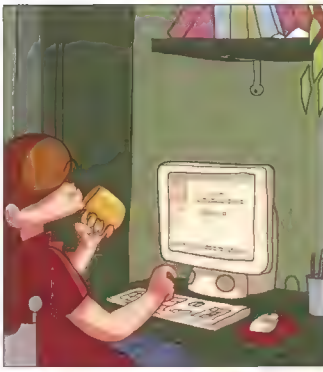


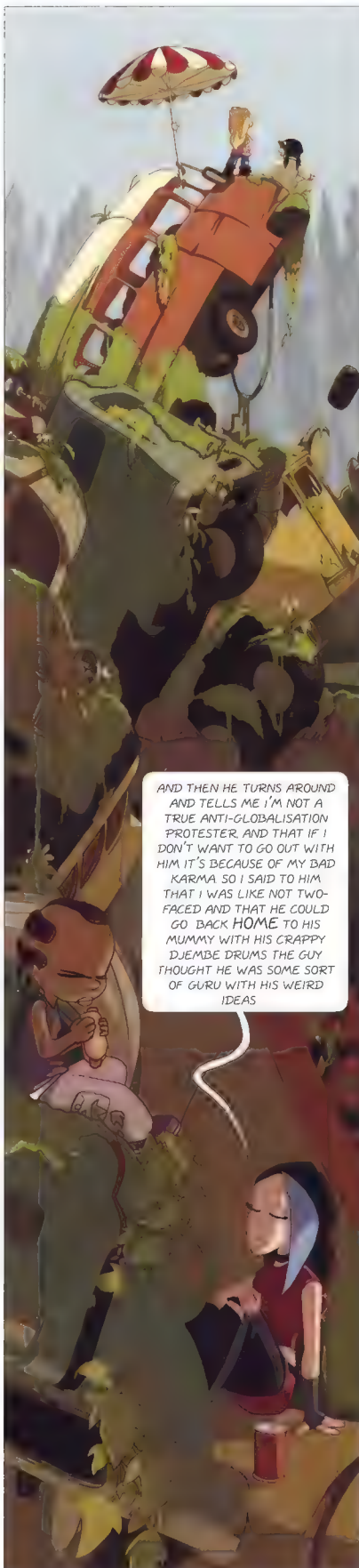












AND THEN HE TURNS AROUND
AND TELLS ME I'M NOT A
TRUE ANTI-GLOBALISATION
PROTESTER. AND THAT IF I
DON'T WANT TO GO OUT WITH
HIM IT'S BECAUSE OF MY BAD
KARMA SO I SAID TO HIM
THAT I WAS LIKE NOT TWO-
FACED AND THAT HE COULD
GO BACK HOME TO HIS
MUMMY WITH HIS CRAPPY
DJEMBE DRUMS THE GUY
THOUGHT HE WAS SOME SORT
OF GURU WITH HIS WEIRD
IDEAS



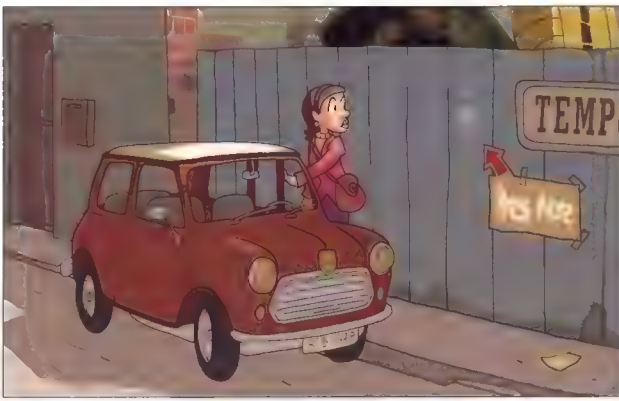
NO BUT ANYWAY, I DON'T GIVE A
TOSS THIS SUMMER I'M GETTING
BACK WITH MY GUY, MY REAL
GUY. HE'S TOO CRAZY, YOU KNOW.
LIKE HE SELLS CHURROS TO
THE TOURISTS DURING THE DAY,
BUT AT NIGHT HE PLAYS THE
DIGERIDOO AROUND A CAMPFIRE
ON THE BEACH AND...

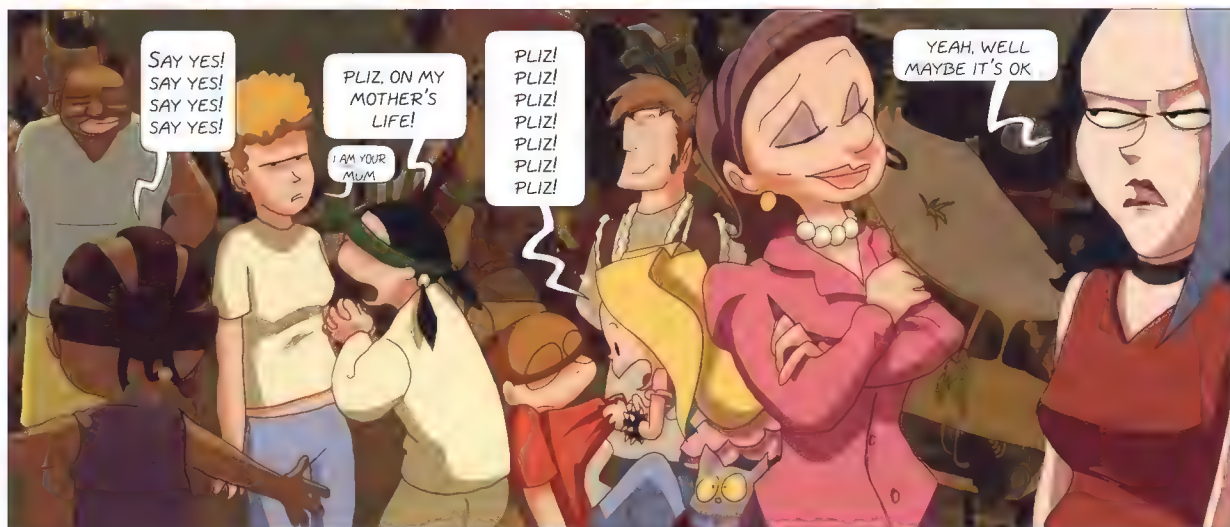
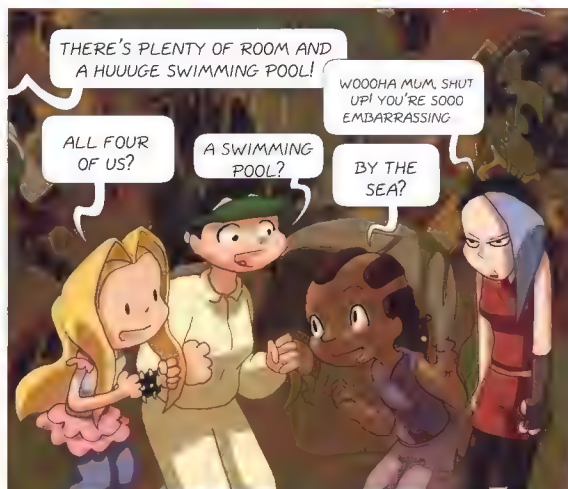
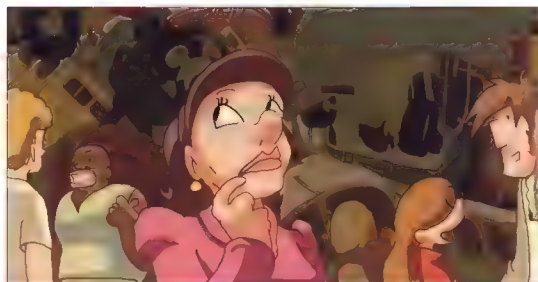
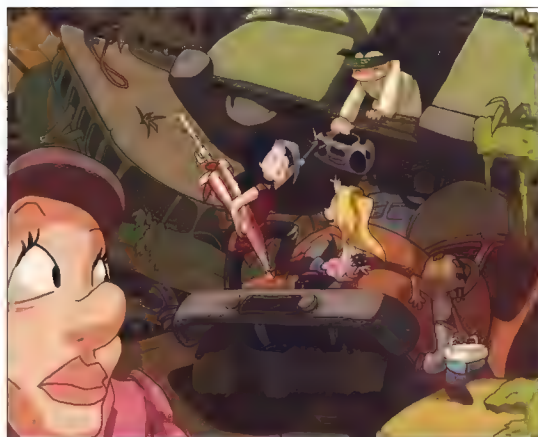
NO BUT CAN YOU
BELIEVE IT?
THEY'RE LIKE BEST
FRIENDS NOW!

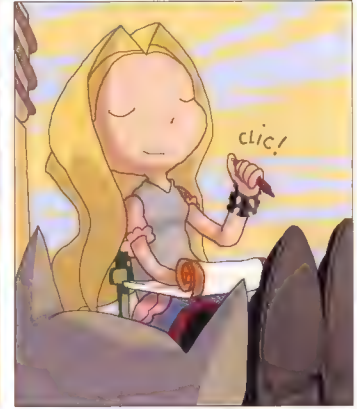
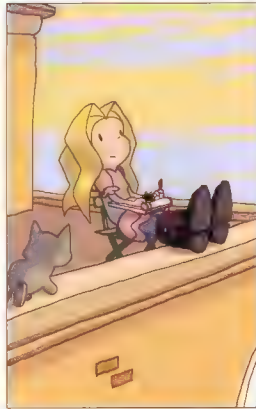
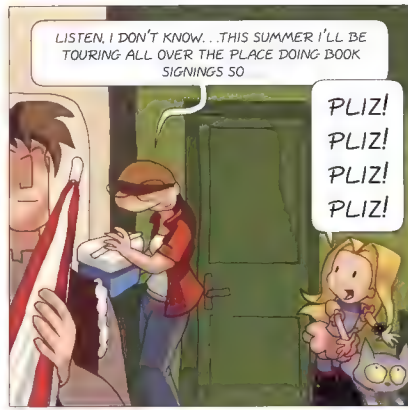
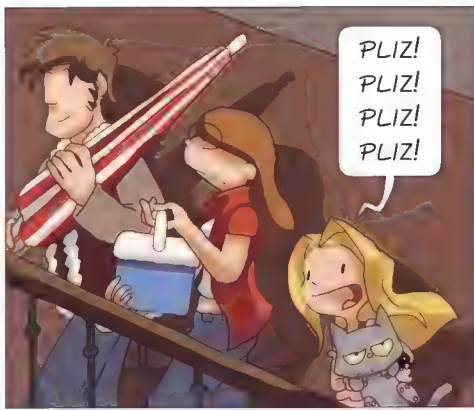


YEAH. AND THEY
TELL EACH OTHER
ALL THEIR LITTLE
PROBLEMS

AND
BLAH BLAH
BLAH







Mary-Emily



Actually, that look means:
"Please love me."

Mary-Emily, there's a girl
with REALLY MAJOR problems.
For one, her bedroom's so big
that once she got lost in it.



Note: Actually, she's good fun. Just from
time to time you have to tell her to:

SHUT UP!

and then she's normal for a few hours

Korine



A sensitive creative is hidden inside
this tracksuit. Can you find her?

At first, me and Korine,
we didn't exactly hit it off.
And then, in the end, we spent
quite a lot of time talking
and.... well anyway now
she's a friend.

Right, anyway, we'd better
get on well, seeing as we're all
going on HOLIDAY together
this summer!



Care
WAIT!



Dear Paul

I'm sorry, I know, I'm useless for not writing
to you sooner.

I'm paralyzed by the idiotic fear of looking
stupid.

And I've been paralyzed too, all year, by
a huge feeling of emptiness inside
until I couldn't stand it anymore. Until I

found somewhere. A Sanctuary.
The bus cemetery.

At the heart of this ~~void~~ void, I curled
up among the carcases of those minuscule
giants.

Their comforting silence...

The orange glow of night gradually made
then look like very ancient carriages...

My fears and anxieties vanished among their
exposed valves. They were wise men, benevolent
and joyful.

I began to sing. Sing your song. Your song
about the islands.
And everything suddenly made sense when the
rain began to fall.
Your friend,
Lou!



Note: Buy a swimsuit!

(Because of my wrecked bathroom that grows as you look at them)



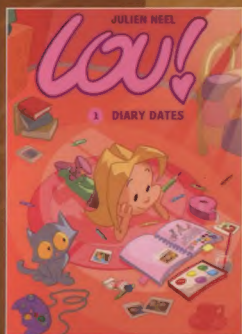
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IN THE SAME SERIES



Party time... only home is too small, Mum is getting her novel published, Lou's new friend is being rejected by old friends and she just can't find the right words to write to this guy she met last holidays. The pressure is too much, and the solution is... a bus pound?



LOU! volume 1 won the 2005 Angoulême award in the 9-12 yrs category for author Julien Neel. Translated by Ros Schwartz seconded by her daughter Chloe.

HUGH THE HUGGY
MANATEE-NOVUS

